

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Elizabeth and Lizzie.

By RUBY DOUGLAS.

(Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

ELIZABETH WARNER was the station agent at Glen Cliff. She was very young and very pretty to have attained to this position; young to have gained the confidence of the officials of the railroad, pretty to have escaped the tangles of matrimony.

"I am E. Warner—the agent," she had to insist many a time when some person or other came to the window with freight receipts bearing her signature.

"Oh, the man would remark, occasionally. 'Your father, perhaps, was Edward Warner, agent here for years. I knew him well.'"

And Elizabeth, in her very business-like manner, would admit then that her father had been the agent before her and that she had been his assistant ever since she had been out of school.

A passing glance at the old Long Island station would bespeak the presence of a feminine hand. There were flowers in the garden in spring and summer; flowers in the windows in winter. There was a bird singing in the sunshine above the agent's desk; there was a clean drinking glass; there was general order about the old-fashioned station building.

There was one thing that Elizabeth did every day that was not strictly business—she watched carefully over a little automobile that stood day after day opposite the station as carefully as if it were her own.

But the owner of this little machine was in the habit of driving down to the 8:20 train each morning, jumping out of the car and onto the train, leaving the machine where it stopped, nosed up to a high wooden fence. At night, with all the confidence in the world that his little car would be waiting for him, the young man would jump off the 6 o'clock train, crank his little car and chug-chug up the hill to his bachelor home. Little did he know of the devotion of the pretty station agent to the welfare of that car all during his absence.

"Aren't you afraid some one will beat it with your Liz, Linny?" his friends were wont to ask him.

"If I were," Linnickson would reply, "I wouldn't do it. That car's almost human; don't you know it?"

"About as human as its owner, I'd say," one of the boys added, with a touch of sarcasm.

Following this conversation, two of Billy Linnickson's friends decided to play a trick on him and take some of the confidence out of him. By a rather clever ruse, and taking the little station agent into their confidence, they took the small car away one Monday morning just after train time.

At 6 o'clock, when Linny arrived, his car was nowhere to be seen.

"Miss Warner," he asked, addressing the agent, "have you, by chance, seen my car today?"

Elizabeth whose skin was a wonderful creamy white—the sort that accompanies dark red hair, blushed and looked confused, much to her own chagrin. "No," that is I saw you leave it this morning, Mr. Linnickson."

Linny observed the blush, also the confusion. Why had he never before observed the beauty of this young woman?

"Yes—I left it here as usual," he said. "Some one has played a game on me, I'm thinking." He looked at her questioningly.

"Is it possible?" stammered Elizabeth. "Perhaps—perhaps some one has stolen it," she added lamely.

Linny laughed. "Never! No one would steal my little red-wheeled Lizzie, Miss Warner. It has a charmed life. I'm just superstitious enough to think that car is the luckiest of all my possessions."

For some reason or other, Elizabeth's blush grew deeper.

Linny went to the phone in the station, dropped in a nickel and telephoned to his house to see if, by chance, some joker had put the car in its own garage.

"Well," he remarked after having hung up the receiver, "I suppose I shall have to start out on the hunt. Thanks, Miss Warner."

"Do let me know if you find it," Elizabeth said earnestly.

"Shall I?" Linny asked, a bright thought having quickly come into his mind. "Be before tomorrow morning."

Elizabeth hung her head. "Well—if you like, I shall be worried, you know. I do not go home until 8 o'clock."

At a quarter before 3 o'clock that same evening Linnickson appeared in front of the Glen Cliff station in his little red-wheeled car. Leaving the engine running, he entered the waiting room. "I have it," he said, all smiles.

"No!" laughed Elizabeth. "You're a little villain and an accessory before the fact, Miss Elizabeth," he said sternly. "And, for sentence, let me inflict upon you the necessity for letting me take you home in the car in question. I know it isn't the car a girl like you would choose, but—well, come along. Will you?"

Elizabeth demurred. She tried to be very businesslike in her dealings with all the commuters, but this one man to whom she had sold a ticket every month for more than two years had become, to her, the object of her dreams. She had watched him in silence; she had looked after his little car day after day, and now—

"Don't you want to come?" he was asking.

"Yes—I do," she answered in a soft voice, a voice he had never observed the sweetness of before. Why had he been so blind to the charms of this lovely young woman?

When he left her at her own gate he saw her mother, whom he knew as a resident of the village, looking at him through an upper window.

"Will you ask your mother if I may take you out often, Elizabeth?"

"Will you ask me first, please?" Elizabeth asked, smiling. Her embarrassment had left her.

Linny looked at her with things in his eyes that he dared not put into words. "Will you go with me—often, Elizabeth?" he asked.

"Yes—if you think you can be responsible for 'Lizzie' and Elizabeth at the same time," she retorted as she ran into the house.

And in three months Linnickson found himself being entirely responsible for the two.

"TIFFIN BOX" IMPORTANT
FEATURE OF COSTUME

By CORA MOORE.

New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK, June 23.—Flashing yellow and prim gray silk made up this Auriole frock designed by Clare West for Margaret Loomis—one of the Cecil de Mille stars.

Plain gray chiffon is combined with the striped silk in sleeves and gumples while the auriole shade is repeated in the becoming silk hat with two min-

ture oranges caught to the upturned brim.

The important feature is the "tiffin box," a curious looking vanity box of brown and yellow straw bound with Oriental coins. Inside the box is the usual assortment of "vanity" implements along with needle and thread in another compartment. Then a third compartment is left free for extra articles, possibly chocolates—ready for the matinee.

Not even the shadow of a prison could keep Ann from falling asleep. She slumbered as quietly as an innocent child while I remained awake all night. I was weary and wretched. I needed to forget the woes of the day. My irritation increased, my insomnia thrived on the idea that Ann could evade her desperate dilemma by dozing comfortably while I remained painfully awake to worry about her and to plan for her.

It was unfair. Ann had created a tremendously serious situation and had assumed that she could rely upon me to get her out of it!

"Unfair—but human!" was my bitter comment as I turned my pillow over for the hundredth time. In almost every family some weak selfish unthinking member doubles the responsibilities of the strong. Thus the weak rule the strong, thrive like parasites on the energy of others, and hamper the advancement of the fittest members of society.

I have always tried to do my fair share in carrying the family burdens, but I must confess that I do not like to be hampered by persons who say, "I never thought," as Ann does. I don't like to bother with other people's affairs, as Ann expects me to do. I don't like to run things, as I must in Ann's case.

And I do like to be left alone to carry out my personal undertakings according to my own methods. Nevertheless Ann, whom I had known scarcely a month, was spoiling my nights as well as my days. I complained bitterly to myself as I counted the soft chiming of my boudoir clock.

That Ann could sleep at all shocked me very much. I had read once upon a time that the remorse of a red-handed murderer is seldom so great as to spoil his sleep. And so I concluded that Ann's peaceful slumber did not prove her innocence. What if it only proved that she was a creature born without a conscience?

Whenever I wrenched my thoughts from Ann I fell into still deeper despondency. No matter how the murder case developed, Daddy Lorimer must not hear that any suspicion was attached to Jim's new wife. Inquiries would surely be made when the authorities learned that Ives and Mrs. Jimmy Lorimer had been good friends. Daddy must never hear about them.

I needed my husband, but I couldn't wire him to come home. I couldn't risk telegraphing him the least hint of Ann's connection with the murder case. Of course the police were watching all the wires.

I heard the clock strike six before I had formed a skeleton of a plan to shield Ann. For shield her I must, until Bob came home to take the burden of all decisions from my shoulders. Having a husband certainly weakens a woman's judgment. I did not know whether it was right or wrong for me to save Ann from the prosecuting attorney. My husband would have to decide that.

The thing was too big for me to handle. My head was aching. Only the coming of the dawn forced me to make a compromise decision. I would study the morning accounts of proceedings in the Ives murder case and carry on according to whatever hunch I gathered from the papers.

If no one else was suspected or charged with being the man's murderer, the outlook for Ann might be dark. Silence about Ann might well indicate grave suspicion of her.

Then it would be my duty to go to the authorities at once and convince them that the Hon. James D. Lorimer must not be distressed by any inquiries they might wish to make. One of his lawyers would have to be trusted with the unfortunate story until Bob came home to manage the case.

The only comfort I had was the peace which had been restored between Bob and me. Only one night had passed since Bob had seen Claude Ives bending close to me. But in the short intervening hours Ives had been slain and Ann was brushing the edge of a horrid scandal. And I understood for the first time in my life how one "can live years in a day."

(To Be Continued.)

SISTER MARY'S
KITCHEN

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

Unless one is in a great hurry to cool something it does not pay to put warm articles in the ice-box. Meat or potatoes left from dinner should be allowed to stand and become as cold as possible before storing in the refrigerator.

A jelly or custard can be cooled several degrees if placed in a pan of cold water for an hour before the real chilling starts. Try to be sure that all the artificial heat, as it were, is out of the food.

It will only mean a small saving of ice but every little bit helps.

Menu for Tomorrow.

BREAKFAST—Pineapple, uncooked cereal, corned beef hash, corn cakes, coffee.
LUNCHEON—Tomato salad, toasted crackers, cherry pudding, tea.
DINNER—Tomato bouillon, boiled fish with white sauce, baked potatoes, chopped pickles, buttered carrots, blackberries, sponge cake, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

Fresh blackberries served on pretty glass sauce plates with sugar and cream make a delightful summery dessert. Blackberries contain little acid and are nicer to use this way than strawberries.

TOMATO SALAD.

4 medium sized tomatoes
1 1/4 cup diced celery
1 tablespoon diced ripe olives
1 1/4 cup chopped raisins
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/4 teaspoon paprika
Cut off slice from stem end of tomato. Scoop out pulp. Mix ingredients with pulp of tomato. Fill cups and add Mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce leaf.

CHERRY PUDDING

1 cup sugar
2 cups flour
3/4 cup milk
1 tablespoon butter
2 eggs
3 teaspoons cream of tartar
2 teaspoons soda
1 cup cherries

Beat eggs. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Add melted butter. Put cherries in baking dish and heat them. Spread batter over cherries and bake forty-five minutes in a hot oven. Serve with sweet sauce.

Let's charge that living the world owes up to profit and loss.

MARY.

Making It Plain.

"What is this spiritualism all about?"
"Remains to be seen."—Yale Record.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

(By Olive Roberts Barton)

At Wally Woodchuck's House.

Nancy and Nick Tingaling, the fairy landlark of the Land-Of-Deer-Knows-Where, all started off to Wally Woodchuck's house.

You know why they were going—because Wally was greedy and selfish, and had put all his children out so he wouldn't have the trouble of feeding them. It was time he was being taught a lesson, Tingaling said, and he was taking the twins along to help him.

When they got to Wally's house, Tingaling went to the front door. Nick to the back door, and Nancy to the side door. Then they rang all the doorbells at once, but not a soul came although they waited and waited.

That was bothersome after all their trouble, but suddenly they heard someone whistling, and along the path came Wally himself carrying a bucket of water. He wasn't so fat as usual, after his long winter's sleep in



Lucanland, and the sweet clover wasn't plentiful enough to stuff out his sides, but he seemed quite cheerful for all that.

He didn't see his visitors at first, but when he did it was too late to go back. So he set his bucket down and then sat down himself, as he had a habit of doing when he was curious or excited, and asked what they wanted. He looked at Tingaling's bells in a worried way, because, like all the other animals he didn't want a bell tied on, which was Tingaling's way of punishing lawbreakers.

Tingaling answered that the story was going around that Wally had put out his children, and he wished to know if it was true.

Wally Woodchuck nodded slowly. "Yes," he admitted, "I did. But I had my reasons. If you'll come into the house I'll tell you all about it."

So they went.

EAST SIDE
NEWS

Children's Day Program.

The First M. P. church was filled Sunday evening by a large and interested audience for the Children's Day program which consisted of songs, drills, recitations and a number of special selections by the choir. Each number was well given and the program was considered one of the best Children's programs ever given by this Sunday school.

Teachers Training Class Service. The graduating exercises of the Teachers Training class of the Dia-

mond street church were held Sunday evening. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion and the service was a most impressive one. Rev. Milton R. Eastlack gave the address to the graduating class which consisted of nine girls. The diplomas were presented by Superintendent E. F. Armstrong.

Mothers Meeting. The monthly mothers meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Tuesday afternoon at the Diamond street church.

The East Park Mothers Club will be guests of the union at this meeting and the officers will be the hostesses.

Aid Society. Division No. 4 of the Ladies Aid society of the Diamond street church will meet on Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. T. B. Harden in Water street.

Celebrated Birthday. The seventy-ninth birthday of James Thomas of Ferry street was

quietly celebrated Sunday by a family gathering at his home. All the children and grandchildren being present. A bountiful dinner was served, a large birthday cake with seventy-nine candles occupying the center of the table. The event was much enjoyed by Mr. Thomas. A picture of the family group was taken during the day. Mr. Thomas received several useful birthday gifts.

Persons.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Morrow, Mrs. Cora L. Morrow and Mrs. C. G. Patterson and son Boyd spent Sunday with their aunt Mrs. Rachel Craig at Boothsville.

Mrs. Fred Tichnor of State street and Mrs. William Tichnor of Enterprise have returned from a two week visit with relatives at Beaver Falls, Pa.

Misses Madge Harris, Ardith Kerns, Pearl Hall and Messrs Albert Criss, Jr. and Ralph Hudgens were among those who went to Washington Saturday evening on the excursion trip.

Mrs. Elizabeth McManus is visiting Mrs. Fred Tichnor in State street. Harry Harris and family motored to Epreka Sunday and were guests of Samuel Smith and family.

The brain of the average man is said to weigh 50 ounces, while that of the average woman weighs 44 ounces.

DOCTORS PREFER
CALOTABS FOR
A LAZY LIVER

Wonderful How Bright and Cheerful the World Looks After Taking This Nauseless Calomel Tablet—Perfectly Safe

Have you tried the nauseless calomel that makes calomel taking a pleasure? If you have, you appreciate the wonderful virtues of calomel when robbed of all its dangerous and nauseating effects.

Calotabs is the favorite of the drug trade. Pharmacists regard it as the best remedy for the liver. Its effect in biliousness, constipation, headache and indigestion is most delightful.

The next time your liver needs a thorough cleansing try Calotabs. One tablet at bedtime with a swallow of water, that's all. No taste, no nausea, no salts, no griping. You wake up in the morning feeling fine, with your system thoroughly cleansed and a hearty appetite for breakfast. That's what you please—no danger.

Calotabs are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you do not find them effective and delightful—Adv.

Our Finest Frocks
of Exquisite Silks

GEORGETTE, Mignonette and Shantung Silk are the materials of ultra-richness that make up a very beautiful group of Summer Frocks we now present. Far surpassing any we have ever seen—far above most Frocks in point of quality, stylishness and pure value at the interesting prices they command—they represent a feature attraction among our Summer displays.

The adaptability of these Frocks for smart Summer affairs needs no explanation. For afternoons and evenings, for garden parties and dances, they would prove distinctly finer than most Frocks procurable for such requirements. No doubt you would be delighted to inspect this special group of Frocks and we cordially urge you to do so.

Specially created Hats to harmonize with these finer Frocks are offered

Osgood's
for
Quality

Jerseys with Berries

What more delicious on a hot day than a dish of cooling JERSEY Corn Flakes with fresh milk and slices of fruit or berries? It will please your appetite to "Learn the JERSEY Difference."

The Jersey Cereal Food Co.,

Cereal, Penna.

Also makers of Jersey

Whole-Wheat Pancake Flour

JERSEY

Corn Flakes

The Original Thick Corn Flakes

2010-B

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM GETS THE HOSE GOING JUST IN TIME.)—BY ALLMAN.

